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What Must We Do To Be Saved?

OR

Paul against Ingersoll.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

What must we do to be Saved?

—OR—

PAUL AGAINST INGERSOLL.

The Question beautifully answered from the Orthodox Standpoint. The eminent Infidel met on his own Grounds. His devil-me-care thrusts repelled by unanswerable arguments, sound logic, and a rich vein of sarcastic humor.

A Lecture delivered by PROF. H. U. JOHNSON, at the First M. E. Church, Jamestown, N. Y., January 23d, 1881.

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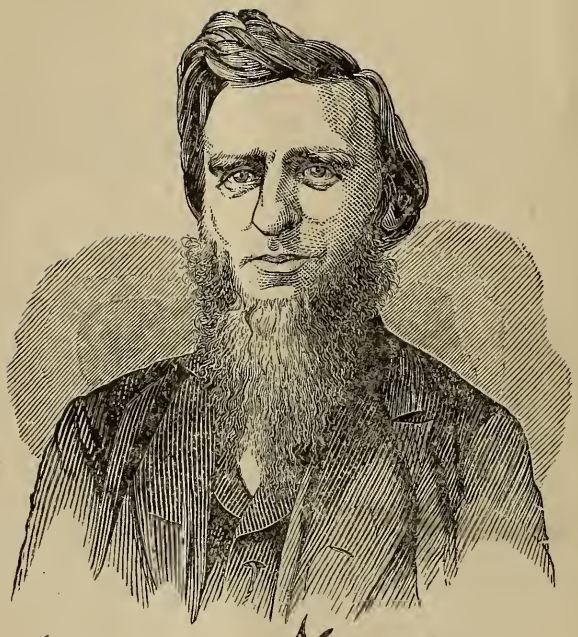

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WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

" 'Tis midnight's holy hour and silence like,
A pall is resting 'ver a still and pulseless world,"

Wrote the poet of the "Closing Year." The words are no more applicable to that meditative period than to a midnight that hung over the city of Philippi as she lay nestling amid her groves and resting upon her hillsides after a day of turmoil and excitement.

And wherefore the commotion of the day and the unwonted repose of the night? A short time before whilst at Troas, Paul had experienced that wonderful vision in which it had been said to him, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." With a soul all aglow in the interests of the Master's kingdom and his heart welling up in Missionary enthusiasm, he hasted obedience to the heavenly vision.

With Silas, his companion in travel, he soon found himself in Philippi earnestly at work in the dissemination of the gospel committed to his hands. Down by the "riverside where prayer was wont to be made," he preached Jesus with such simplicity and power, that soon Lydia of Thyatira and her household were among those who had received the truth, and henceforth her house was the home of Paul and his companion.

Busied with their work they went joyfully to and fro in the city distressed but by one circumstance. Day after day there followed them a damsel bowed under a double bondage, being "possessed with a spirit of divination" and held as the property of sordid men. Following closely upon the devoted disciples she cried continually, "These men are the

servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of Salvation." When Paul could endure this no longer, in the name of Jesus Christ he commanded the spirit to come out of her, and in the same hour the thing was done.

Their hopes of gain gone, the owners of the maiden "Caught Paul and Silas and drew them into the market-place uuto the rulers, and brought them to the magistrates, saying, 'These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, being Romans.'" You know the result. The magistrates, willing to gratify the rabble gathered around, without the semblence of a trial commanded them to be beaten. Now to be beaten before a Roman Court was no trivial affair. The accused men, with none to plead their cause or utter words of sympathy, were seized, stripped, bound, and thrown with their faces to the earth. Then came the lictors and plied the lash until the knotted thongs sank deep into their quivering flesh; until the gushing blood ran down to the cold pave beneath. When the caprice of the magistrates and the savage thirst of the multitude for blood were satisfied, may be not until the arms of the fierce minions of the law were wearied, the judges gave direction, without instituting a single inquiry, that the piteable objects before them should be cast into prison and there securely kept.

The jailor, though he may have been a kind-hearted man, having received such a command and knowing that his life would pay the fore-feit, should they escape, "Thrust Paul and Silas into the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks."

Those of us who have seen a modern prison, tho' christian influences have brought about it many comforts and ameliorations, know well that it is anything but an attractive place, yet an American penitentiary as compared with a Roman prison of two thousand years ago would prove a kingly place. That Philippian prison stood with its massive stone walls all windowless and drear, and within its cells were fireless, damp and chill, and beneath its cold stone floor, secured by a heavy trap, down in the very bowels of the earth where no ray of sunlight ever came, was the inner prison, kept for the foulest and basest of felons. Into this dismal place, hungry, lacerated and bleeding as they were, were Paul and Silas thrust, and that there might be no possibility of escape their ankles were confined between the heavy timbers. This done, the ponderous marble slab closed, leaving them for the night in darkness and alone.

"Alone, did I say? No, not alone. The spirit was there, and wretched as the men were, there was no despondency. Bruised, bleeding and shivering, methinks they failed not to talk the hours away in cheerful converse, recounting the experiences and blessings of the past and expressing bright hopes for the Master's kingdom in the future. As the hours passed by their hearts warmed until their glowing tho'ts broke forth in earnest prayer—prayer for blessings upon their enemies, for deliverance to themselves, for the spread of gospel truth. At the hour of midnight the voice of invocation changed to the melody of song, and in the strange weird measure of Hebrew psalmody their souls went up. There was no reporter there to chronicle the words they sang, but these would have have been fitting ones; "Praise the Lord for his goodness; he feedeth the hungry, he lifteth up the bowed down, he restoreth the prisoner; he hath broken the gates of brass, he hath sawn the bars of iron in sunder. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." May be it was that grand old effusion in which the man is blessed "who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

It matters not. In that dismal prison the strange intonations caught the ears of the wondering prisoners above, and pressing on, claimed the attention of heaven itself, which answered back in earthquake throes that caused the deep foundations of the prison to heave, its massive walls to shake until every bolt was drawn and each prisoner beheld the doors ajar.

Roused from his slumbers and supposing that his wards were fled, the jailor was about to put an end to his own life to save his head from inexorable Roman law, when the clear, assuring voice of Paul, rising from his loathsome dungeon saying "Do thyself no harm; for we all are here," calmed his fears. In my imagination I see Paul and Silas lifted up from that "inner prison," and the jailor prostrate before them crying, with an energy characteristic of the occasion, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

Saved from what? I ask. From the earthqnake's terrors? The earthquake had passed by. Saved from the unrelenting hand of the Roman law that would have required his life had a prisoner escaped? The prisoners were all there; none had manifested a disposition to escape. Some higher sentiment then, had taken possession of his soul. These men had come to him but a few hours before in a most pitiable plight, forced to prison as he well knew on a mere question of belief. Of their doctrines he knew little. Himself from very boyhood, accustomed to go into

the sacred groves and see the offerings to the gods placed in the hands of the priests, and witness the ceremonies attendant upon mythological worship, believed that when the duties of life were ended he should go to Elysian fields, a companion of gods and goddesses, to enjoy an unending round of voluptuous pleasure. But there was nothing in his religion that taught the spirit he saw manifested in the wretched—happy men before him, and he longed to drink from the fountain whence they had drunk. Hence his question. Seeing their opportunity, Paul said "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Saved how? With a cold historic belief? No, with an earnest, childlike, confinding faith. The sermon was a short one, but long enough for seeking hearts. The faith it inspired immediately showed itself in works, for he who a few hours before was willing to show his fealty to cruel law, now rose above all fear of consequences, washed and soothed the bleeding stripes, ministered to the wants of the men whom he had but recently treated so roughly, and rising above the superstitions of a lifetime he and all his were baptised in that same hour. He was saved. Saved to a newness of life here, to higher aspirations and ends; saved to a blissful immortality through faith in a Savior that was crucified and had now risen.

We stand at a distance of more than 1800 years from the eventful period of the imprisonment of Paul and Silas. The great Apostle to the Gentiles having finished his earthly mission, was offered up from a dungeon more loathsome far than the one at Philippi, a dungeon deep hidden from human gaze and over whose rocky arches the chariot wheels of many an imperial Roman rolled. No vestage of history or tradition remains to tell us where Silas, Lydia or the jailor were buried. The remains of magistrates and lictors alike, sleep in unknown and unhonored graves, and nothing remains of Philippi herself but a few crumbled gateways, amphitheaters and columes scattered amid unsightly ruins, but the question raised by the jailor on that memorable night still lives on and is pressing for an answer in every unregenerate human heart.

The dusky denizen of our western wiles, as he follows the elk and the bison, is striving to answer it by praying the Great Spirit that when his earthly chase is ended he may go to the spirit hunting grounds, there to pursue the panting game, forever undisturbed by the presence of the pale face. The unlettered thousands of the islands of the sea and the sable millions of Africa's unexplored fastnesses are offering up their human

sacrifices amid the most frenzied orgies, expecting that thereby they may secure the right to feed upon the flesh and blood of their enemies in the sunny climes to which they think they may attain. The Mussulman rigidly performs his devotions that when his warfare of faith in the cause of the prophet is ended, Allah may give him a Paradisaical harem where he may pass a voluptuous eternity with wives "beautiful as the houri and wise as Zobeide."

But to us whose eyes are opened and alive to all the beauties and blessings of the highest Christian civilization and whose hands should tenderly open to the reception of its most exalted virtues, the question comes as to none other.

It presents itself to the school boy as he rests from the conning of his lessons or lays down his bat and ball upon the playground and catches a glimpse of the realities awaiting him when his school days and youthful games are ended. So with the maiden, as her fingers rest from the delicate pattern upon which she has been engaged, and "Fancy, unto fancy weaving," builds beautiful air castles that shall be hers when she leaves the home and mother of childhood, and passing beyond these, sees age, decrepitude and sorrow. Something says to her she may be lifted above all these and have rest, enduring rest. The man of business, as he turns his ledger, follows the plough, swings the sledge, or pleads at the bar, even, is not free from its seeming tantalizing presence.

In some form or another it presents itself to us all. We may not understand how it is that the taint of the first pair attaches to us, and we may question the justice and mercy of God in holding us measurably responsible for the acts of those who lived six thousand years ago, and we may charge him as the author ofthe evil tendencies and passions we find wrankling within us, nevertheless the certainty of death stares us in the face, and we acknowledge by our words and ways, that after death comes the judgement, and from its severities there is an instinctive shrinking back, and a constant recurrence of the momentous question : "What must I do to be saved ?"

Amid all our philosophisings and conjecturings, we seek in vain for a satisfactory answer until we turn to the scriptures. The plain and undeniable teachings of these are that man was created a pure and holy being. His body, formed of preexistent matter, was the highest and most perfect of the handiworks of God, and into this the Master Builder breathed the breath of lives and man stood forth a living soul, in the image of his crea-

tor and in this condition the earth was given to him for his inheritance.

Brief was this happy state, sin came "with all its maddening train," and there was council in heaven where it "Repented God that he had made man," and he would destroy him from the face of the earth. Then it was that the Son stood forth in the exercise of that love that has ever been the wonder of the world, pleading that he might bear our griefs and carry our sorrows; that he might be wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; that the chastisement by which our peace is obtained might be laid upon him, and that with his stripes an offending race might be healed.

Touched with this sense of feeling for our "infirmities" on the part of the Son, for once in all the history of the Universe the Father said, "Not my will, but thine be done." It was done. In due time Christ came and preached his wonderful gospel of sacrifice for the race, and then poured out his blood that all who believe in his name might be saved,—a doctrine so simple that to the Jew it has ever proved a "stumbling block, to the Greek, foolishness, but to them who believe, the power of God unto salvation." In this Christ, as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the jailor believed and was saved, and whosoever will may go and do likewise, and salvation shall be his, and there shall follow the "peaceful fruits of rightiousness," good works, brotherly love, and that "charity which covereth a multitude of sins."

In Christ, then, let me farther add, we have the substitution for the penalty which divine justice required for offended law. As maternal tears or parental anguish will sometimes subdue the obdurate will of childhood or the more settled perverseness of later years, bringing it into subjection to proper authority, so the Atonement of Christ satisfies the divine law in the case of all those who thro' repentence do sincerely avail themselves of its provisions.

COL. INGERSOLL'S DOCTRINE EXAMINED.

Having thus briefly stated the estrangement of man from his Creator and the means provided for his restoration to the divine favor, I proceed to the discussion of a new doctrine of salvation, or rather an old and oft exploded one, as presented by its latest apostle, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, than whom there is not a more silver-tongued orator, pleasing rhetorcian, rickety logician, or blatant scoffer in all the land. Standing upon the platform of many an Academy of Music or hall of the great cities and larger towns of the country, he lifts up his voice declaring that nearly everybody is afraid of dying and going to the devil direct, and then asks the question, "What must we do to be saved!" and proceeds to its discussion as tho' he would save from impending ruin.

That I may the more briefly examine his doctrine, I gather the principal points into concise statements which I am pleased to call

THE NEW APOSTOLIC CREED.

The first article in our Apostle's creed may be stated thus:

"Liberty is my religion. Humanity will take care of me. I am going to breathe the common air and enjoy a glorious freedom."

Liberty is a good thing, but to be profitable it must be subject to law. The planetary bodies are at liberty to move, but that liberty is subject to the laws of motion, else chaos and destruction would surely follow.

Liberty is certainly desirable in our civil and social relations, and yet we all demand the strong arm of the law to be extended over us lest we be despoiled of our goods and robbed of our fair name.

Our Apostle demands for himself the right of free tho't, and yet he knows that the workings of his own mind are subject to the most inexorable laws which, if disregarded, would render the best of mental efforts puerile.

Liberty unregulated by law rapidly degenerates into license. None knows this better than Apostle Robert himself. His discipline, founded in early training, may guard him from those excesses which dazzle his youthful followers, and lead them into abuses which his better sense would revolt.

But the crowning thought of his first article is that humanity will take care of him. Who believes that humanity will take care of anyone, unless that humanity is directed and controled by law and christian principles? Only on the humanity of our own strong arms and willing hands do we rely for unfailing friends, and when these fail us we, are deserted indeed. Sir Walter Scott was a grand specimen of a man, and the world shouted his praises, but when misfortune overtook him there were none among his human admirers upon whom he could rely, only upon Sir Walter Scott. Humanity might have done a grand thing for the learned Dr. Dick, but it allowed him to die in comparative poverty and destitution. Thomas Paine was an enthusiastic admirer of humanity, yet his last days would have been most wretched indeed, had it not been for the care of a kind christian lady who, rising above the promptings of mere human sympathy, bestowed upon his last days those kindly offices denied him by those who had shouted his praises in the day when he was astride the popular wave of "Common Sense" and some of his other essays.

Humanity in heathen lands robs women of sympathy and soul, and casts out the infirm old, and the helpless young, unwept to die, and yet we are called upon to ignore the higher law "that hallowed the sabbath," and proclaims subjection to authority, and trust implicitly to this same unregenerate humanity.

Whilst receiving princely remuneration for his lectures, our Apostle may dazzle the unthinking by proclaiming his faith in humanity, but changes as remarkable as that the gifted Col. Ingersoll, encased in a plain pine box, shall one day be carried to the Potter's Field with the undertaker singing above him,

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,"

have occured in many a personal history. What has been may be again. It is not good to put our trust in princes.

The second article in the new creed is, "There is no worship but justice."

Well, justice is a good thing. No honest man can deny that. I open the *Book* to a period carrying me back some 2500 years and I find it written, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before thy God." "Good, I like that," but regret that our Apostle's eyes failed him on the last clause. Had he adopted that, what a power he

might have been, and we should have said, "There is a giant in our day." I go nearly 1000 years further up the stream of time and I find that God said amid the thunderings of Sinai, "Thou shalt have no unjust balance." Maybe however that was merely a "Mistake of Moses." Strange isn't it, that the eloquent modern Apostle should be continually stealing orthodox thunder, and that his enthusiastic disciples from dry goods boxes, hotel porches and numberless "dives" should be echoing it as grand doctrine without knowing whence it came? Let me ask, why not give love, mercy and truth some place in this article? And echo answers, "Why?"

I pass to the third article which sums up as follows:—

"Reason is the pilot of the soul. If I go to heaven I wish to take my reason with me. I don't believe it is dangerous to be intelligent, and I'm going to study everything by my reason."

Well, reason is a good thing, and I venture that most of us wish we had a fuller supply of it. But is it a fact, Robert, that there is a soul? It is, for the creed says so. Then why, guided by reason alone, have so many men made shipwreck of life and all its interests? Why did Lord Bacon, who possessed this gift in a pre-eminent degree, pursue so sordid a course that his public career, like that of a modern Congressman, had to be examined by a committee; that he had to confess to the reception of large sums of money under very questionable circumstances; that he had to give up the ermine, and that what should have been a glorious sunset was an evening of deepest gloom? Why did the gifted Burr, raised to the second place within the gift of the people and almost to the White House "itself piloted by" reason blast the reputation that might have been his ever after in the republic? Why are others doing it now? And echo answers, "Why?"

When our Apostle goes to heaven, and there is one, for it is so declared in the creed, he wishes to "take his reason with him." "Good." He will be gratified. That was a sharp pass between Abraham and Dives, when the latter had become so intensely interested in the welfare of his brethren, and shows that the old patriarch was as logical as when he refused the spoils at the conquest of the kings. "Rest in hope," Colonel.

Properly guided intelligence may be a good thing. I am glad our Apostle endorses it, for turning to the Book again, I find that in over two hundred places "Wisdom" is specially commended. Hear. "Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; love her and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; exalt her and she

shall promote thee ; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her ; she shall give to thy head an ornament of grace. " Good." Sancified intelligence is not dangerous.

But our apostle is going to study everything by his reason. Will he tell us by what secret process the grass grows and the flowers put forth their petals ? He can not. Will he explain the formation of the beautiful tracery that Jack Frost spreads over our windows of a cold winter morning ? " God has hidden its invisible workmanship from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher." Again, will he develope the changes by which the piece of steak he shares with his hound becomes human bone and muscle and intellectual brain in the one case, and dog meat and a wagging tail in the other ? I pause for a reply. * * The fact is, as to the ocean, so God has said to human reason, " Thus far, no farther canst thou come ; let thy proud waves be staid." Col. Ingersoll, like the rest of us, must accept somethings as intuitive facts, and others on faith, or else must rest in blissful ignorance, and he is too shrewd to accept the latter, though he may not acknowledge the former

Passing to the consideration of the fourth article, I find it essentially as follows :

" I do not wish any one to treat me any better than I have treated him. Thereby I shall be saved."

Let me quote from him who spake as never man spoke, " Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

I ask you simply, is the Ingersollism cited above amy improvement on the language of the Master ? Every honest man, whatever his belief, will answer, " Nay." Why not then give " honor to whom honor is due ?" Why cull from the great fountain of thought its choicest gems and set them in pinch-beck that the unwary may be misled by their cheap glitter ? Such a course is certainly beneath the dignity of a great reformer.

" Thereby I shall be saved." This is the only article of the creed that proffers us salvation. There is no mistaking the plan, notwithstanding its back-handed statement. On the self-righteous hobby of good works our Apostle has planted himself.

Let me now present you with the fifth article in this wonderful creed.

" Study the religion of the body and *not* of the soul. A healthy body will give a sound mind, and that will do away with superstition."

Rich, very rich. "Study the religion of the body." "Good." "I like

that," and because I have practiced it I am not in the grave. It were well for us all if we paid much more attention to this matter than we do ; and now that I think of it it is among the "Mistakes of Moses," that he instituted some wholesome laws bearing upon this very subject, and as I trace the record along I find that drunkeness, gluttony, and licentiousness are specially condemned, and that industry, providing for one's family, and cleanliness—"cleanliness next to godliness"—are as emphatically commended. Hence I am fully prepared to subscribe to the gospel of "good living," "good clothes" and "soap and water." O that our Apostle would lead us into new fields, but not through the process of developing the body by dwarfing the soul. No amount of bodily religion will ever beget for us all rubiand faces and "bay windows," that will defy the ravages of time, but proper soul culture will develope within us bouyant, trusting, happy spirits, that amid the infirmities of age constantly affirm, "In the evening time there shall be light,"

But "a sound body will beget a healthy mind," and that will do away with superstition." "Good," but is it true? You shall be your own judges. Go with me to the extreme of South America and we shall find a race of people, strong of body and lithe of limb, personifications of health if we may credit the words of those who have been among them. Yet they have no schools, none of the "arts of peace," but plenty of liberty to roam the Patagonian plains as their fathers have for generations before them. Tell us, will you? by any rules of Arithmetic, how long before those sound bodies will beget healthy minds and rid that people of superstition.

Take another example. The Araucanians occupy a fine territory in the west of the same continent. Muscular and well developed, physically they are unexcelled by any other class of people, and yet they revel in the heathenish practices of their ancestors of centuries ago. Who will demonstrate the time when the "religion of the body" will make them the peers of our Apostle. It will not be until they are made acquainted with the "*liberty* wherewith Christ hath made them free."

Passing over many others let us come home. We have many healthy men and women among us, persons whose bodily religion is unexceptionable, and yet, notwithstanding the combined influence of this, of good schools, soul religion, and any amount of "free thinking," we are not rid of superstition. All over this land people persist in killing their pork, planting their vegetables, and weaning their babies in the moon. Were I

priviledged to go thro' this audience, I should find horse shoe tokens of good luck, not a few, and in many a home I find the same significant emblem nailed over the door simply to keep the witches off. For my own part, notwithstanding my fine bodily religious state, for more than thirty years I have pared my nails only on Friday, but what the Colonel's superstitious weakness is, I cannot say.

Sixthly and lastly:—"There is no religion but liberty, justice, and intelligence. On these rocks I stand."

I do not propose to discuss these points further. They are stated, as I take it, simply to emphasize the creed. That he stands on these he unequivocally affirms That Col. Ingersoll is a man of nerve, I cheerfully admit. Others have been equally so. I cite a case. More than a hundred years ago a brawny form, with uplifted sword, stood over the affrighted commandant of Fort Ticonderoga, and "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" demanded its surrender. No one denies that Ethem Allen was a *stalwart*, unflinching in every hour of danger. As expounded at the time, his religion was that of "Liberty, justice and intelligence." His wife was a devoted member of the Presbyterian church. At her death she left an only child, a daughter. Henceforth she became the companion and idol of the father, who with all the fervency of his nature tried to instill into her mind the tenets of his religion. When some twenty three or four years of age, the daughter fell into a decline. Day by day she faded away, yet no word of death ever passed between the father and child, until one day she called him to her bed-side and said,

"Father, I'm very sick."

"Yes, my child," was all the reply.

"Father, I'm going to die soon."

"So I fear, my child," said the grand old man, as his lips quivered and the tears came all unbidden to his eyes.

"Father, you have taken great pains to instruct me in your religion."

"Yes, my daughter."

"Tell me, then, shall I die in your religion or that of my mother?"

"O die in that of your mother, die in that of your mother!" was the sobbing response. As I live, under the same circumstances I believe Col. Ingersoll would make the same reply.

AMID THE JUNGLES.

Scattered here and there amid the articles of his creed we find corruscations of thought that glow, and sparkle an scintillate like gems of genius set in caskets of truth and purity. A few of these are worthy a passing notice. Take this one so soothing to maternal sensibilities: "Mothers, as you lean over the cradle and sing the sweet lullabies of childhood, think not you are preparing kindling wood for hell." Will a man glory in his shame? then let him glory in such utterances as that. How different from the words of the Master, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Who of you, mothers, that have little ones sleeping beneath this coverlet of snow, or who, when the spring time comes, may plant violets on "sodded mounds;" but rejoice in the thought that

"There's a light in the window for you."

Yet this the daring Infidel as remorselessly extinguishes as he relentlessly deprecates the idea of retributive justice. I leave you to decide whose language brings comfort and consolation to lacerated hearts.

Allowing that most Christians are good, honest people, and that there are thousands of honest, good clergymen, which we cheerfully accept, the Col. goes on to assume, that the churches are institutions of fraud and deceit where the treasures of heaven are sold for ready money, that when a man is baptised he can get rascality at first cost, but before that he has to pay the retail price.

I admit there are wrongs, grievous wrongs, in the church; she needs purging of her *humanity*, and to pay attention to soul culture. But however this may be, it comes with poor grace for a man who owes all he is and all he has to institutions fostered and built up by those same churches thus to maligne them. Can a son forget or abuse the mother who bore him? Some do, but they are not Christian sons. I have heard not a few of them shout "I belong to Ingersoll's church."

I may not speak of his ridicule of the individual churches, suffice it to say that his treatment of the church in general reminds me of a family of poor children which I once knew. For weeks they had had nothing to eat but "mush and milk;" this was the diet morning, noon and night. Even this plain fare was procured through great effort on the part of the mother who was obliged to prepare the meal from the hardening corn on a grater each day. Finally when they could stand it no longer a children's

council was called and the good woman, all unintentionally, heard the conclusion of the matter summed up in these words, " Mother is the devil." Tho' she has spent her time and resources in founding schools, elevating society, relieving human suffering and supporting governments, and this against every species of opposition and ridicule, to Col. Ingersoll the church is the devil.

There she stands, made up of the glorious sisterhood, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and all the others, each trying more or less earnestly, to rid herself of those evils which can only be time cured, dwarfing intellect, stupefying brotherly love, leading nations back to barbarism, directly against the elevating tendencies of infidelity, and hypocritically prostituting the holiest aspirations of humanity. Lot like, he stands, calling upon the host of his best friends to come away from her unhallowed shrines. Verily to him the church is the devil, but he will be gray headed (?) before he casts this satan out.

Once more. For the theological Christ he has no respect, but Jesus the Nazarene was a good and serene man and he pays him the homage of his administration and his tears. He was a reformer in his day and an infidel in his time. Had he lived in that time the Col. would have been his friend and should he come again he could not find a better one than he would be.

There are some rich things about this. Indeed, some " pure gold." Though he denies the authority of the gospels, the apostles, whose names they bear, being dust hundreds of years before they were written, yet he clasps hands with the " good and serene " Nazarene, not because of his divine character but because he was a reformer and an infidel. He pays him the homage of his admiration and his tears. " Good." In my imagination I think I see him some night after he has settled with a lecture committee, retiring to his room and bedewing the carpet with tears, " copious, gushing tears," because he can use the name of Jesus in deriding the religion of his mother and in belaboring the church of his father. " Tis pity of the man."

But the climax of the ridiculous is not yet. " If he were to come again I would be his friend." Better. He has come. I see him yonder crossing the hills of new England, but before a single Puritan has had a chance to grasp him by the hand or the church to arrange for his reception the Liberal League has appointed a committee with Col. In-

gersoll at its head, to receive him. Grasping him by the hand, cordially the Colonel addresses him thus :

" Glad to greet you, Mr. Jesus, we accept you as a " good and serene man." We know you were a reformer in your day and an infidel in your time. I have lectured all over this great land in your behalf, and I tell you I have given that old fellow Moses some hard raps, and now that you have come again I'm going to be your friend.

" These, my dear sir, are my associates of the Liberal League, and like myself, are bound to see fair play and put down this canting prate about your theological nature. Now give us your hand."

How do you suppose the "man of sorrows " will reply ? Drawing himself up in his full serenity, methinks he simply says somewhat as he did to one of old, " Bob, ye must be born again."

A friend to Christ, and bound to stand by him if he should come again, the Col. would like to see a miracle. Herod would have been glad to witness the same the same thing, for this purpose he had been anxious for a long time to see Jesus. Gratification for neither, and still

" The great miracle of life goes on around us."

But humanity rebels. Men, the most depraved and abandoned to-day, are found to-morrow at the feet of Jesus " Clothed and in their right minds." If the restoration of a lost arm would satisfy the Colonel, how much more should the regeneration of a whole man ?

With the scriptures the Colonel is sadly disgusted. Their authors are unreliable ; much of their literature is obscene and ought to be suppressed ; many of their characters are the most licentious of men and should be consigned to oblivion, and their Deity, as the most vindictive of beings must be discarded. What his *reason* dictates he transfers to his own use, the balance he ignores, with ebulitions of sarcastic wit.

His relation to this whole suhject may be fitly illustrated by this anecdote :

In a Buckeye home in the days when families " muliplied and replen ished the earth " and the trundle bed was an indispensible for anywhere from three to six of the juniors of the family, a good mother was obliged to stow away in one of these, five little hopefuls. This was no easy task, and taxed her military skill to the utmost, as Soloman, a nervous child, was continually " breaking line." Finally she taught them to lie " spoon fashion " as the easiest way to peace. One evening when she had thus snugly tucked them in and returned to her work she was suddenly aroused

by the cry, "Mother, mother, Tholoman won't lie thspoon," coming up from four baby voices whose equanimity had been disturbed by the straightening movements of little Sol. So it is with the Colonel. Virtually he is crying out that Moses, David and all the rest won't "spoon" up to his easy notions.

THE PARALLEL.

Briefly, I must close by a parallel between Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, and Robert, the modern apostle of Infidelity.

Paul, reared at the feet of Gamaliel, destined for high position, gladly guarding the clothes of the young men who stoned Stephen, and rejoicing in "Haling men and women and committing them to prison', that he might bring contempt on the cause of Christ, was he who learned to reason "Of righteousness, temperance and judgement to come" until royalty itself "trembled."

Robert, reared in the lap of the church, made what he is through her institutions and influences, laying down his garments at the feet of young men that he may have the more freedom, is he who uses all his rare endowments in proclaiming the "Gospel" of liberty, justice and intelligence, cut loose from all moorings but humanity, until freed from all sense of allegiance to any higher power, the very slums of society shout peans of rapturous delight.

Speaking to his Ephesian brethren the "Aged" said. "Ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities." Grand old tent maker, he sought to make the gospel as little chargeable as possible. "In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness," he gave himself unreservedly to the care of all the churches.

Thus the 'Modern' may fittingly say, "I have passed from one end of this great land to the other, sleeping in Pulman coaches, resting in palatial hotels, toasted and feted, and flattered by the multitude, and receiving large sums of money for discrediting Moses and the prophets, and satyrizing the very churches which Paul gave the labors of a lifetime—nay life itself—to establish."

Once more. Waiting the coming of the executioner, Paul wrote, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith hence forth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

Standing over the pulseless form of a beloved brother, thus Col. In-

gersoll reveals his faith : "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry." If this is cold and cheerless, frigid the following :—"When I die I am going to heaven and if I don't find those there I love, I shall emigrate at once to hell." How different the lives ; how doubly different the sentiments of these two apostles.

In the future the life and doctrines of Paul shall shine more and more resplendent when the name of Ingersoll is forgotten, and his theories are trodden under the foot of all thoughtful men. Realizing more and more that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" they will sing

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

with continually increasing fervency, knowing, with the poet that

"Truth, crushed to earth will rise again,
The immortal years of God are hers,
Whilst Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers.

"With malice toward none and charity for all," then, let us hope we may apply to the eloquent, rollicking Colonel, and his misguided followers, with a little change, the words of our own pure-minded Whittier,

Ah well ! for them all some fond hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;
And in the hearafter, angels may
Rub from their eyes the scales away.

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"My dear, you will take me home to day?" John replied that his employer's arrangements made it impossible for him to leave."

"John, you must take me," was the rejoiner.

"But I tell you that Mr. B. cannot possibly spare me to-day," persisted John.

"Well, sir, Mr B., or no Mr. B., I shall go home."

"Well, then, go; but you will go on foot and alone. I shall attend to business."

This was the first pass In five minutes the young wife was in spasms, while John stood over her, shocked at what had happened, and the, to him, inexplicable results. Three days of hysterics and forty-eight hours of mother-in-law, have cut more wisdom teeth for him than he supposed he had. Alas, poor John."—*Copartnership*, page 17.

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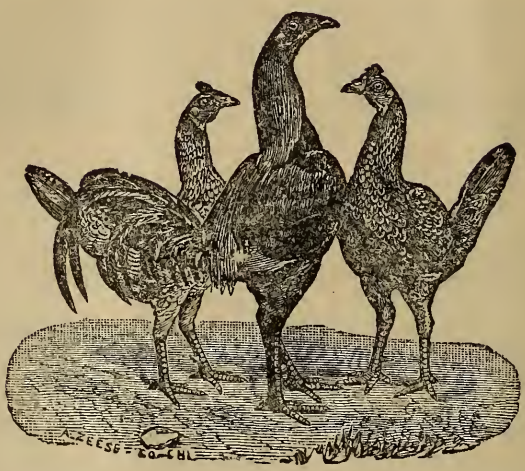

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